

THE PROWLER

I snatch their panties from clotheslines or
better lift them from gaping machines in laundry
rooms or best terrier through their foul hampers
as they shop or doze.

I love the trashy calender sets, a pleiad of
hues framed by Penitent White and Hypocrite Blue.

Sometimes I steal only black from each of the
sluts. Then all day Saturday I burn, imagining
their pleasure at the theft as they step half
naked into the dark where I stand with

my pockets full of rayon and silk, standing
thick-breathed in rayon and silk, spit in
the corners of my mouth full of rayon and silk.

-- Ronald Koertge

South Pasadena CA